

St. Johns is Calling You

Has seven churches. Has a most promising future. Distinctively a manufacturing city. Adjoins the city of Portland. Has nearly 6,000 population. Has a public library. Taxable property, \$4,500,000. Has large dry docks, saw mills. Woolen mills, iron works, Stove works, asbestos factory, Ship building plant. Veneer and excelsior plant. Flour mill, planing mill. Box factory, and others. More industries coming. St. Johns is the place for YOU.

ST. JOHNS REVIEW

Devoted to the interests of the Peninsula, the Manufacturing Center of the Northwest

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NO 35

St. Johns is Calling You

Is second in number of industries. Is seventh in population. Cars to Portland every 16 min. Has navigable water on 3 sides. Has finest gas and electricity. Has 3 strong banks. Has five large school houses. Has abundance of purest water. Has hard surface streets. Has extensive sewerage system. Has fine, modern brick city hall. Has good payroll monthly. Ships monthly many cars freight. All railroads have access to it. Is gateway to Portland harbor. Climate ideal and healthful.

COUNCIL MEETS

And Winds Up Business For the Last Time

The last meeting of the St. Johns city council convened Tuesday evening with all members present. Before the business of the evening was taken up a picture was taken of the councilmanic body as a souvenir of the last body to preside over this municipality.

The improvement of Hayes street between Philadelphia and Catlin streets was accepted.

Reports of the recorder, treasurer and chief of police for the month of June were read and accepted.

An ordinance authorizing the drawing of funds from the street bond sinking fund to the street bond interest fund was passed, as was also an ordinance vacating Crawford street between Fessenden and Trumbull streets.

The following bids were received on the purchase of the balance of the city's wood supply: J. R. Weimer, \$1.75 per cord; L. D. Jackson, \$2.05 per cord. The bid of the latter was accepted.

A warrant for \$468.32, being the difference between the bids on the Pittsburg street improvement, was ordered drawn in favor of Cochran-Nutting Co. to be paid over when the work is finished.

The attorney presented a bill of \$57.75 as costs incurred by Mr. Lewis in his resistance of payment of his street assessment on Willamette boulevard, and was ordered paid. Councilmen Cook, Graden, Perrine and Downey voting yes; Bonham, Martin and Tallman voting in the negative.

Three warrants against the improvement of Lescher, Born and Tufts properties in the sum of \$577.21, \$26.57 and \$451.70 respectively were ordered paid out of the general fund.

Upon motion of Councilman Perrine it was decided that the citizens of St. Johns, Portsmouth and University and other residents of the Peninsula be invited to attend a mass meeting to be held in the city hall next Tuesday evening for the purpose of discussing the needs of the Peninsula and presenting them to the Portland authorities. Mr. Perrine stated that we would have to scrap now and it would be a good plan to get together. W. S. Baise suggested that the picture of James John that adorns the city hall be turned face toward the wall, but the suggestion did not meet with much encouragement.

Upon suggestion of Mr. Perrine it was decided that \$20 be set aside to purchase Norway maple trees to be planted around the city hall.

Bills amounting to \$1314.80 were allowed.

Upon motion of Councilman Tallman it was decided to turn over the mayor's gavel to the Historical society of Portland. It was made from the first apple tree planted by James John.

Progressive Study Club

The Ladies Progressive Study Club was delightfully entertained on Thursday afternoon at the home of Mrs. R. G. White. The study of Oliver Wendell Holmes was completed, Mrs. Page telling the story of "A Hundred Days in Europe" and Mrs. York the story of "Over The Teacups." After an interesting discussion as to our future study it was decided to take up the recent and present day authors. Dainty refreshments were served by the hostess. An author contest took place, Mrs. Geeslin winning the prize, a beautiful handpainted plate. The next meeting will be held Thursday, July 15, at the Oaks.

Building Permits

No. 29—To Erick Fagerstrom to erect a residence on Edison street between John and Leavitt streets; cost \$75.

No. 30—To Mrs. Della Stuart to erect dwelling on Buchanan street between Seneca and Fessenden streets; cost \$1300.

Note the local on your paper.

THE NINTH GRADE GRADUATING CLASS

The pupils of the Ninth Grade Graduating Class were presented with diplomas Friday, June 25, by Supt. C. H. Boyd. The thirty-five, together with the twenty-four in February, make a total of fifty-nine graduates from Room 15 this year, with M. F. Burghduff teacher.

Those having perfect attendance in the present class, from February 8 to June 25, were: Helen Rude, Lillian Rawson, Isabelle McQueen, Ruth Edmondson, Hugh Whisler, John Teutsch, Donald Rose, Edward Rood, Robert Orr, Joseph Jower and Raymond Bredeen. The class attendance being 3535 days with only three tardy marks.

The highest average in scholarship was earned by Miss Ruth Edmondson, Miss Ely Davidson being a close second.

The middle of February the teacher, following her plan of the previous term, encouraged the pupils to save their extra spending money, and when the account was closed June 23 there was a total of \$115.46 to the credit of the class.

Mr. Dobie of the Peninsula National Bank, very kindly guarded the money for the children, and when the accounts were closed and individual bank books were issued Mr. Edlefsen added ten per cent to each account.

Every child in the class had money on deposit in sums ranging from one cent to fifteen dollars and seventy-six cents, Miss Lillian Weiss having the largest account. There were twenty-nine depositors having over one dollar.

Just before the last goodbyes were said in the class room, Miss Edmondson extended to everyone an invitation to a farewell party at her home, where music and game and good things to eat made a happy finish for a very successful term of companionship and study.

There was Florence and Louella. There was Ray and Margaret, too. There was Ely and Eldora, Sweet Marie, kind Fay, and Hugh.

All were graduates so happy. From the Central building here; From the 9th grade in the B class, Making fifty-nine this year.

Little Joe and busy Edmund, Donald Schafer, Donald Rose, Then the highest in percentage, Ruth who every answer knows.

They had formed a Grand Republic

That was called a Royal one, And a Kewpie was the mascot. Just to have a little fun.

And the sweet peas were the flowers. Lilac blended with the green; Small canoes were used as symbols.

Passwords, motto, signs, marine.

There was Guy and Captain Chester

Lillian Rawson, Lillian Weiss, Jolly Mattie, handsome Verda, Isabelle the queen of peace.

There were officers a-plenty. President and cabinet, Secretaries, judges, envoys, Senators, whom all had met.

There was Merritt, the historian, Quiet Lawrence, Percy, too; There was Gladys, the musician, Songs she played were not a few.

John, or Jack they all did call him, Garry with his baseball tricks, Harry who had charge of savings.

Hundred fifteen, forty six.

Helen who first won a button. Followed then by twenty-two, Given for the Palmer System, Penmanship, with letters true.

There was Halvor, Edward, Mabel, And a dainty jewel, Pearl.

Jolly classmates, you should know them, Seventeen boys, eighteen girls.

There was Nettie, the good banker, There was Robert, bright yet small.

Mrs Burghduff was the teacher And she loved her pupils all, And now as they enter life's school

Linng up with men of rank They will always save their dollars, In Peninsula's Good Banks, —Reported.

St. Johns Now a Part of Portland

Merger Completed at the Midnight Hour on Wednesday Night

Now up to the People of the Peninsula to Combine in One Big Booster Organization

EVERYBODY BURY THEIR DIFFERENCES AND BOOST

St. Johns became a part of Greater Portland yesterday morning, and as a municipality it has ceased to exist. Whether it was a wise step to take or a foolish one, there is a diversity of opinion. But that question has now become a thing of the past. A majority of those who cared to vote on the merger question voted for consolidation, and as a result the merger has been completed. The matter of contesting the elections on the grounds that a majority of the electors did not vote in the affirmative, as the constitution provides must be the case, was threatened for a time, and while it was known that such a step would have had at least an equal chance of winning, yet in the interest of harmony it was decided to abandon any movement in that direction and bow to the will of the majority vote with the best grace possible. Whether for weal or for woe, the die is cast and a most important step taken that can never be retraced. Therefore, it is up to our people to forget any differences of opinion on the subject and work together to make conditions better despite what the anti-mergerites believe to be a serious handicap. It is all up to us whether St. Johns shall be a live, thriving part of Portland or a dormant or dead one. It is reasonably certain that Portland will not do anything for us unless we go after it, and after it hard and persistently. We are located here, have our properties and businesses here; our interests are here and our hearts also. Bitterness and repining can be of no benefit, but on the contrary tend to make matters worse. In spite of any feelings we may have and any resentment that may exist against those who forced the merger upon those who were opposed to it, there is no way out except to speedily bury all differences and unite for the good of us all. The future lies before us; we can either mar it or do our best to improve conditions. Surely the latter is the best and most desirable thing to do.

The Peninsula undoubtedly has a bright future before it. It is undoubtedly bound to develop and populate at a fairly rapid rate. This development can either be retarded or advanced—it is all up to us. By combining the lower peninsula people from Arbor Lodge to the end of the lower peninsula in one strong, active and progressive organization, a power, both civic and political, can be welded together that would be a mighty force to reckon with. Our interests are identical, and what is good for one is undoubtedly good for us all. Let us then be up and doing and show the powers that be that the Peninsula folks are "some pumpkins." Let us arrange to boost the Peninsula

property behind. But I have forgotten something. On the seventeenth of August there was a battle near our city. We were on the top of our house and could plainly see the shells bursting. Everything round about was burning. It was fearful to look upon. Suddenly a shell fell upon our railway station and we became very much afraid. We remained, however, until the next morning when the bells were again rung. We traveled to the next city, Gumbriue, while the Russians were in our city but we could not stay even here because the Russians were always coming on farther. So we traveled then as far as Insterburg and then to Wehlan. Many who had no vehicles had to travel on foot and carried with them only a bundle on their backs. It surely was pitiful to witness it all. From Wehlan we went by railroad to Braunsberg. Still we were not safe from the Russians so we went on to Elbring in West Prussia where we rented a house. On Sept. 12, East Prussia was again free, so my father and later, I went back to our town while my mother and the brothers and sisters remained in Elbring. Here we found everything plundered but our furniture was all here. We opened our business again. There were many soldiers in the city but the Russians were always on the borderland, and the thunder of the cannon was so loud that the windows shook. On the sixth of November we had to flee again. Again we loaded some merchandise and bedding and again traveled to Elbring to my mother. My brothers and sisters were going to school there and I had learned to cook in the domestic science school. On Feb. 15, East Prussia was again freed from the Russians so my father and I came back again but this time we found nothing. Everything was gone, even to the furniture and curtains. Almost our whole city was burned and you should have seen the filth in our rooms. It was frightful. But again we accustomed ourselves to the change and opened our business. My mother and the children were still in Elbring, for my brothers were attending school. I had to keep house here for my father. There were always ten persons at the table and consequently I had a great deal to do. At Whitsuntide I was confirmed and when the vacation began my mother came back and will remain here so my work is easier. We are hoping that the Russians will not come any more so that we can always stay here at home. Only Russian aeroplanes come occasionally. One day one of them threw a bomb but it did no damage. From our family no one is in the war, except two cousins. Now I have told you everything. With love from,

Letter From War Zone

The following letter came recently from a seventeen year old girl living in Eastern Prussia, only a few miles from the Russian borderland. She writes very interestingly of her trials during the last year in which she has twice had to flee to safety: Stallupone, June 7, 1915.—Dear—! You will surely think that I have forgotten you, but no. I received your letters of Aug. 7, 1914, and April 16, 1915. I was very pleased with them and thank you. You surely know that we have war here. We have had to live through a great deal, for we had to flee from the Russians. Now I shall tell you all about our flight. Mobile was made on the second of August. We suffered much anxiety. Many nights we did not even go to sleep, for the Russians were only a little way off. We had always to be ready for flight. At half past three o'clock on the morning of August 18, the bells sounded which was the sign that we must flee. We hitched up our horses and put on the load some linen and bedding and also some merchandise and then with heavy hearts traveled away, leaving all our

Communication

Editor Review: During the late lamented merger campaign, in the camp of the antis the burning and oft repeated question was "Who pays D. C. Lewis?" for his days and nights of activity, at Salem and St. Johns, his tanks of superheated atmosphere?

Now to be sure they might have considered that it was on his part a purely unselfish devotion to the interests of suffering St. Johns' humanity, but they didn't. And many and vague were the insinuations as to the power behind that astute gentleman.

They knew that Mr. Lewis had a suit against the city resisting the payment for sidewalks in front of his property to the amount of \$175 on the grounds that the engineer had used foolscap instead of legal cap in figuring the estimates, and the council members had not let their voices fall with the proper inflection in saying "aye" or some other equally essential legal requirement had been overlooked. And they secretly hoped that he would "get his" if Portland with her resources and legal talent should take the place of St. Johns as defendant in this suit. But here they reckoned without their Lewis.

There wasn't a man in the bunch of sufficient imagination and foresight to picture a condition like this—the last sessions of a triumphant merger council—a Lewis council—about to turn over to Portland the affairs of State, free from all worry as to whether the year's budget was any more than sufficient to pay their salaries to the date of merging, unconcerned as to the payments for street improvements—or rather as events proved they were much concerned to be sure that Mr. Lewis' assessment was NOT paid to the city, because full of gratitude to him—and just gratitude, that's all.

One vociferous councilman boasts that he didn't ask anyone to vote for him. He didn't need to. He let Lewis do it. He asked everybody to vote for the full merger ticket, or if they couldn't vote for Perrine.—Well, not perhaps he didn't mention Nolan but they understood.

Now if there was one argument in favor of merging with Portland which was airtight and which the antis never tried to answer it was the advantage of having good legal advice, high salaried men who were worth it.

Mr. Lewis' case was set for June and City Attorney Parker was ready and confident he could win. Mr. Lewis asked for and got a postponement to Sept. And our council—Mr. Lewis' council—instead of letting this case go to Sept. to come up in its regular course after merger had been accomplished and all that talent was available to protect the public interest, or to settle it if Mr. Lewis had such an iron clad case as was claimed, at almost their last session concluded to decide all these legal points themselves.

They didn't want any high salaried legal advice, not where Mr. Lewis was concerned. He was there himself with his advice. What more did they want? And under the spell of his eloquence, or some other spell, they said Mr. Lewis wins and instructed the city attorney to dismiss the case. Released Mr. Lewis from the payment of any part of his assessment, and they called it a compromise. Talk about your midnight resolutions! Martin and Bonham voted no. Martin being the only merger candidate to refuse to wear the Lewis halter. When the writer appeared before the council to oppose this unseemly haste to take this case out of the hands of Portland, whose money it is they are voting away, Mr. Lewis had the courage to say that it was none of my affair, that I was not invited. What do you think of that from a man to whom I have extended the courtesies of that council floor on many occasions till the very rafters were bored.

And then he told the story of the old dinky's wonderful man who could know the unknowable, do the undoable and unscrew the unscrewable. It didn't seem to have any application to the question in hand, but after the vote was taken I figured out that it was merely an intimation to me that he had the unscrewable council screwed so tight that it was of no use for me to try to screw or unscrew them.

And that was right. The writer is not sore concerned.

The Editor

Consider the editor. He wears eth purple and fine linen. His abode is amongst the mansions of the rich. His wife hath her limousine and his first-born sporteth a racing car that can hit her up in 40 flat.

Lo! All the people breaketh their necks to hand him money. A child is born unto the wife of a merchant in the bazaar. The physician getteth ten gold plunks. The editor writeth a stick and a half and telleth the multitude that the child tippeth the beam at nine pounds. Yea, he lieth even as a centurion, and the proud father giveth him a Tom Keene.

Behold, the young one groweth up and gradueth. And the editor putteth into his paper a swell notice. Yea, a peach of a notice. He telleth of the wisdom of the young woman, and of her exceeding comeliness. Like unto the roses of Sharon is she and her gown is played up to beat the band. And the dressmaker getteth two score and four iron men. And the editor getteth a vote of thanks from the S. G. G.

The daughter goeth a journey. And the editor throweth himself on the story of the farewell party. It runneth a column, solid. And the fair one remembereth him from afar with a picture postal that cost six for a jitney.

Behold, she returneth and the youth of the city fall down and worship. She picketh one and Lo, she picketh a lemon. But the editor calleth him one of our most promising young men and getteth away with it. And they send unto him a bid to the wedding feast and behold, the bids are fashioned by Muntgummery-Hawbuck in a far city.

Flowerly and long is the wedding notice which the editor printeth. The minister getteth ten bones. The groom standeth the editor off for a twelvemonth subscription.

All flesh is grass and in time the wife is gathered into the silo. The minister getteth his bit. The editor printeth a death notice, two columns of obituary, three lodge notices, a cubit of poetry and a card of thanks. And he forgot to read proof on the head and the darn thing cometh out "Gone to Her Last Roasting Place."

All that are akin to the deceased jumpeth on the editor with exceeding jumps. And they pulleth out their ads and cancelleth their subscriptions and they swing the hammer into the third and fourth generations. Canst thou beat it?—Memphis Bee.

ing the recent campaign. Is in fact seeing new arguments in favor of merging every day. The Bosses of Portland to my knowledge never pulled off anything as raw as this stunt of Boss Lewis.—A. W. Vincent.

Notice of Cost of Improvement

Notice is hereby given that the assessment for the improvement of St. Johns avenue, from Edison street to Seneca street, the total cost of which is \$5,924.36 was declared by Ordinance No. 668, entitled "An Ordinance declaring the cost of improving St. Johns Ave. from the East Side line of Edison street to the Westery Side line of Seneca street and assessing the property benefited, declaring such assessment and directing the entry of same in the Docket of City Liens."

The cost of said improvement is levied upon all the Lots, parts of Lots, and parcels of land within the boundaries of the district described as follows: Between Edison street and Seneca street.

A statement of such assessment has been entered in the Docket of City Liens June 30, 1915, and said assessment is now due and payable at the office of the City Recorder of the City of St. Johns, Oregon, and will be delinquent and bear interest after July 10, 1915, and if not paid on or before the 30th day of July, 1915, proceedings will be taken for the collection of same by sale of property as provided by the City Charter.

A. E. DUNSMORE, Recorder. Published in the St. Johns Review on July 2nd and 9th, 1915.

In order to insure a change of advertisement this copy for such change should reach this office not later than Wednesday, at 5 o'clock p. m. Please remember this and save the printer